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were going to remove a finger without giving the patient anything, but finally consented to give chloroform because an American doctor, whom I had the good fortune to work under, objected to doing it without.

The trite saying that a "miss is as good as a mile," came to my mind when one patient was brought in with a bullet hole through his throat, just escaping the carotid artery. He had also been shot through both arms, one having been broken. When he was discharged from the hospital he was perfectly well, except for a slight hoarseness.

The shrapnel wounds were the hardest to heal, as small pieces of shell were embedded in the flesh which, of course, was terribly lacerated.

After our hospital was closed, I spent a short time in one of the largest hospitals in the city, and there saw some bad cases of gangrened feet, caused by the men's standing too long in the trenches in tight boots. A great many had to have their limbs amputated. These patients were infinitely pathetic, as they were poor men and will probably become beggars. I was told that some refused to have their limbs amputated, because they would not go into the presence of Allah maimed, and preferred to go as they were.

I know the Turks have been greatly criticised, but they made perfect patients, and I think anyone who has helped care for them and has seen their perfect manners, their innate dignity, their sublime resignation and heroism, cannot but come away with a fondness for them and with a changed view of a land which seems to most of us outside the world.

LETTERS FROM A PRIVATE DUTY NURSE

II

THE NURSES' LODGE, OCTOBER, 19-

DEAR MARY:

Sunday evening I was in the reading room, when round came Miss Ellison from the office, to tell me there was a woman on Cameron Street who needed a nurse for the night. What is the matter with her? I countered, to gain time. All the people on Cameron Street are poor and though I do not refuse patients because they are poor, I hate to walk deliberately into discomfort and tribulation. Miss Ellison replied that the patient was nervous, that she had a nurse coming in the morning, but that the doctor did not want her left alone over night. I was to telephone him for orders when I got there. I made ready and left the Lodge at 10 p.m. There was a fine drizzle and a thick fog. I took a car for the Junction, where I had to wait twenty minutes because a Cameron

Street car was off the track. At 11 p.m. I arrived at the lodging house which was my destination. The door was opened by a very young man. I told him that my first duty was to telephone. The hall was perfectly dark, but he led me to the telephone and gave me a nickel for the slot. The doctor, Keyes by name, said that the patient had been in the psychopathic hospital in the spring, but had gotten entirely over that trouble. In the meantime she had acquired syphilis. He had inoculated her with 606, she was feverish and nervous, and he feared a return of the former condition. There was a nurse she liked whom he hoped to get for her in the morning; if she could not come, would I take the case? I replied that I would let him know in the morning; and asked for orders. "Just make her comfortable and give her veronal, gr. v, if you think she needs it."

Upstairs I found a square front room with an alcove, a bed in the alcove, and a young woman, the man's wife, in bed. There was a couch across the fire-place in the outer room, which had two closets. In one of these was running water but, as I afterwards learned, the bowl had been broken by the fall of a beer bottle, and could not be used. I took the "lay of the land" and sent the husband, Mr. Rabe, out for malted milk. The patient had a dressing on each arm where she had been inoculated. Her temperature was 101° and she was excited and talkative. She insisted on telling me all her troubles. It was one of those sordid stories of marriage, brutal treatment, divorce and remarriage.

While preparing her bath, I asked if that was all the room they had. She replied: "Yes, Jimmy will sleep on the couch out there and you can sleep with me. I never use but half the bed." "Yes," I said, "but I think I could use the big chair." "No, I wouldn't think of letting you do that, you can sleep with me just as well as not." I waited a bit, going on with the bath, then I said quite firmly "I'll tell you what we will do. When Mr. Rabe comes back I will get him to put the Morris chair in here by the window and I will sleep in that, I had much rather." So it was settled. After the bath I gave her a cup of hot malted milk and five grains of veronal and she went to sleep. I drew the alcove curtains divested myself of uniform and got into my wrapper and slippers. Then, at twelve o'clock, I sat down in the Morris chair and wrapped the dingy couch cover around me. I dropped off to sleep, but my head fell forward and the pain in my neck woke me presently. Then I tried again. Next time I was wakened by the pain in my knees. I shifted my feet to the bureau, and so it went on all night, sleeping and waking. The patient rested well.

At 8.30 a.m. the other nurse came, and went away again in just five

minutes. She said she would not think of staying and that she would call up the doctor and tell him that it was not a fit place for a nurse. So off she went and I didn't blame her.

Outside it was a pouring rain. Mr. Rabe had to go to his work. He explained before he left that the landlady was a drinking woman and was on a bout just now, so he hoped I would keep her away from his wife. He also said he would send in some breakfast for us. While waiting for it, I lighted an alcohol lamp which I found in the closet, and boiled a knife, fork, spoon, cup and plate for myself for, Mary, I was afraid. After breakfast I washed the dishes in a brown pail from the bath room, because there was nothing else to use, and not only the dishes we had used but numerous beer glasses which I found standing round. When it came to dusting the patient's bureau, I found a silver-backed toilet set, a jewel box of rings, two gold bracelets and enough bottles of toilet water and boxes of face powder to set up a cosmetic shop. Once I think I would have been scornful, but now I just patiently dusted the pomps and vanities, saying to myself the while, "Poor child." The doctor came at two o'clock. He asked me if I would keep the case and said, "There is plenty of money you know, you can have anything you want." I did not tell him that, in addition to the patient's condition, the bedding was grimy, the closet full of beer bottles, the bathroom dirty and the landlady drunken, because I knew the other nurse had already told him those things. I just said that I had come only for the night and that I would like to be relieved. Then he said what they invariably say, and what invariably makes me angry, "There are plenty of nurses, you know." I objected that I did not think any nurse would want to take a case which involved sleeping in the same room with a man. "Oh," he said, "he'll have to get out of that." He told Mrs. Rabe to engage another room for her husband, so as to leave plain sailing for the nurse that he was going to send as soon as he got back to his office.

The nurse came at four o'clock. Her name was Cynthia Daly, R.N. and she had red hair and freckles. Her cap, with a very wide band of black velvet, was unlike any I knew. I said to her, "I don't think I can translate your cap." "You'll never be able to," she cheerfully replied, "for I made it to please myself." Now what do you think of that! wearing a cap that means absolutely nothing! And why shouldn't an R.N. acknowledge her own hospital?

You may be sure that I was glad to get away, though the patient was in tears about it. I put every stitch of my clothing in the wash when I got home and had a bath and a shampoo, too, before I felt like a Christian—and indeed I was a very weary Christian. I was in a mood to sympathize with Miss Arnold, though I laughed at her the

other day, when she told me she would not go on a case just so long as she had five cents left with which to buy a loaf of bread. Fortunately most of the doctors can be trusted to send one to reasonably decent places. The other cases have to be cared for, of course, but I think the hospital is the proper place for them, don't you? I am at least sure that Dr. Keyes would not have been willing to send his sister to a case like that.

Your letter was a joy to me, Mary. What fun the children must have had!

Your loving friend,

MARGARET RAMSAY.